

The Editor
Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.
VOLUME 46 NO. 16,127.

A CALL FOR PEOPLE ABOVE PARTY.



The coming election of a District-Attorney for the county of New York is not a question between parties.

It is an issue between party dictators and the people. The bosses themselves have made it so. The bosses are in contempt of the public interest.

It would have been good politics for Mr. Murphy to endorse Mr. Jerome, but the risk to contracts and graft would have been too great to make it good pocket policy.

By endorsing Mr. Jerome Mr. Odell might have seized an opportunity. He chose instead to satisfy a factional grudge and to maintain that sort of honor which is among-bosses.

While Mr. Odell's county convention programme was in preparation the cry was raised that Armitage Mathews had been hounded to his death by Mr. Jerome.

It is true that the unfortunate Mathews was hounded. But not by the public prosecutor.

The dogs on the trail were from Mr. Odell's own kennels. It was their mission to prevent, even by desperate means, the exposures which were sure to reach important figures in the Odell camp, were the Mathews prosecution pushed to a finish.

There is abundant evidence that the District-Attorney understood and was not without compassion for the young lawyer whose temperament had made him the easy instrument of stronger men.

But justice for agile rascals is not to be tempered by mercy for one who is weak in his hands.

The dogs of all the bosses' kennels are now in full flue and cry against Jerome.

In taking the issue as to the District-Attorney out of the list of party affairs, the bosses have raised it to the chief place in the campaign.

It is now the squarrest popular, non-partisan issue that was ever presented in New York.

Mr. Jerome stands before the public an officer who has done his duty and has not been afraid. He is turned down in the "regular" conventions at the will of practical politicians—"practical" being an adjective that covers a multitude of meanings—whom he has made afraid.

There is no other candidate whose importance to the public welfare is defined with anything like such clearness and strength.

At the moment, New York is shocked and angry at the defiance flung in its face by the bosses in their rejection of Jerome.

And yet, rightly regarded, that which the short-sighted party dictators have presented to the people is an opportunity. The voters as a mass have only to rise to the occasion—and above the party lines—to provide their own cause for rejoicing in their own strength.

Somebody has defined democracy as the substitution of election by the incompetent many for appointment by the corrupt few. The re-election of Jerome would correct this definition by proving the competence of the many.

"The New York kick," said The Evening World the other day, "goes to waste. It scatters." Let us get it all together for the fight the bosses have invited.

KITTYBIANCA.

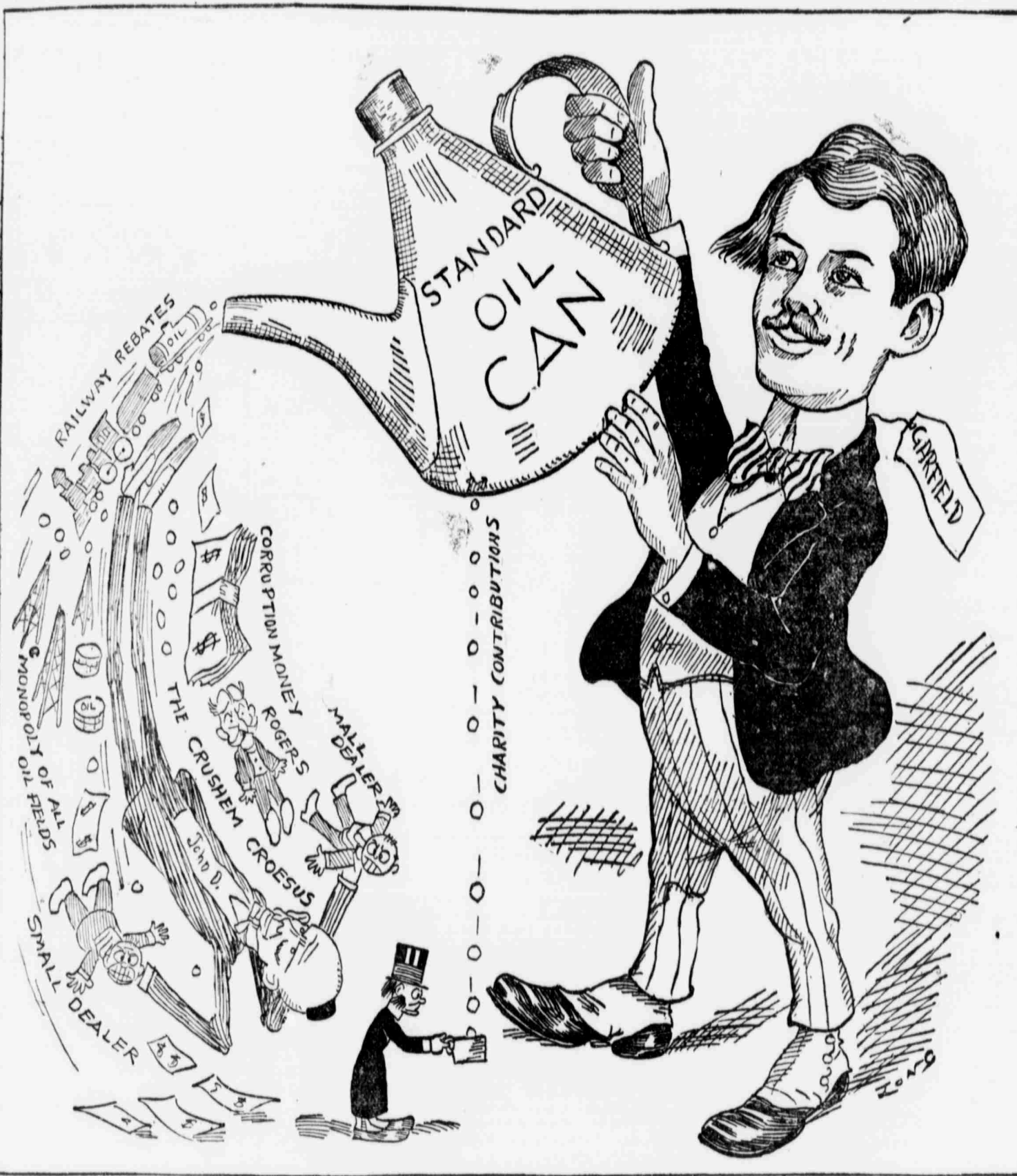
The girl stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but her had fled.
She wouldn't leave until she got
Her hat on straight, she said.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

AN ORNAMENT.

He longed to sit in Congress,
And so we rushed him through.
So, there he sits and really, it's
The only thing he'll do.
—Philadelphia Press.

Secrets of the Oil Can.

By Ferdinand G. Long.



Where the Pennies Are Saved By the Big Railroads.

An interesting question that comes up in every household is the disposition of waste. The railroad housekeeper is careful to study out any economy, and the waste along the whole line is economically disposed of. Waste pins, pens, paper, old brooms, mops, bottles and worn-out machinery of locomotives are gathered up along the route and sold for junk or "old scrap."

A small item, one would say, but a large one when considered in its true light. From waste paper alone last year one railroad realized a profit of \$5,000. Pins, shingles and nails proved of important value. The total value of the "scrap heap" reached the sum of \$1,250,000. Of course, the greater part of this waste came from worn-out locomotives and cars, which are sent to the scrap heap after they have ceased to be of further value to the company, says the Scientific American. But on the small household items mentioned upward of \$100,000 was realized. Everything is saved, and everything is economically disposed of. Even the ashes are sold or utilized for improving the roadbed.

The equipment of stations today with slot machines, literature and restaurants has greatly increased the labors of the housekeeping department. In some instances the concessions are sold to private companies, but on some roads the rights to sell articles along the route are retained by the transportation company. On the Santa Fe route last year \$11,400 was taken in the penny slot machines for chewing gum. This meant that a million and more pennies were dropped into the machines.

The tendency of the public to eat, drink and read while traveling is so steadily on the increase that more conveniences are being made to satisfy it in this direction. Traveling libraries have become features of the leading parlor cars, and patrons of the road can read their favorite authors or magazines without expense. The traveling cafe and dining car are as common today as the smoker or baggage. To supply these thousands of cars with all the necessary provisions and articles of diet to suit the most fastidious general housekeeper in charge of this department buys in wholesale quantities all along the line.

A single railroad system will use upward of 50,000 barrels of flour a year for the dining-car service, 40,000 pairs of poultry, 10,000 quarters of beef and innumerable tons of fruits, pastry, coffee and vegetables. To be at the head of such an extensive housekeeping department a manager must buy economically and dispose of the surplus waste profitably. Fruits and vegetables out of season in the North-bound trains are generally purchased in the South and taken aboard the north-bound trains at the most convenient point, and Northern fruits and vegetables in winter are likewise shipped South in the same way. Thus all the delicacies of the country are used in and out of season at the lowest minimum of cost.

Heat's Storage Force.

INCANDESCENT electric lights have caused many fires because the heat generated by them becomes intense when confined. They are, therefore, dangerous in those coal mines where they have displaced other forms of lamps. A writer says in the Chicago News: "Among miners, where the underground workings are lighted by electric incandescent lamps, there is often a tendency to be careless in the handling of the lamps. As the light is not naked it is considered that the lamps may be laid down anywhere without fear of danger. Some experiments that have been carried out in England, however, prove the fallacy of this contention and show that an incandescent electric lamp is equally as dangerous if not properly handled as a naked light."

Investigations of H. Hall, one of the British Government inspectors of coal mines, showed that when a sixteen-candle power lamp was covered with coal dust the generation of heat was so rapid that within four minutes a temperature of 400 degrees Fahrenheit was attained and the bulb burst. His investigations also showed that when the heat had risen to a certain point evidences of spontaneous combustion developed and, although the lamp was then removed from the coal, heat generation still continued and finally the coal burst into flame.

In another case the investigator imbedded a 100-volt sixteen-candle-power lamp in a heap of coal dust. Within three minutes smoke was emitted from the dust. In another case, where the lamp was simply laid down upon the heap, flame burst out in the course of twenty-five minutes.

Said on the Side.

Another case of a girl cashier yielding to temptation. Occasional instances of such lapses, due to a blurred moral sense among young women who handle large sums of money, but hardly numerous enough to impeach the well deserved reputation of the sex for superior honesty.

Babylon which is giving concern to political managers.

Meeting of theatrical managers "to foil ticket speculators." News should be of special interest to hotel dealers.

Lobsters reported scarce and dear. News classed under market reports, and as an item of Tenderloin gossip.

"Authorities may stop the use of Malta goat milk." Obviously unjust to domestic product to prefer the pauper goat milk of Europe to the abundant home supply.

Bride wed on Friday, the thirteenth, will probably have an average store of happiness, though it will be difficult to make her believe it.

Lucky and Unlucky.

A BEAUTIFUL idea is prevalent in the minds of natives that their color changes gradually, while they ripen in the earth, as if a fruit. At first they are yellow, green, blue, each in turn, comes yellow, green, blue, each in turn, the final stage being red. When redness is attained the ruby is ripe. The ruby is said to influence the wearer very strongly for good or evil. It is supposed to bring good luck in money that has been misappropriated. If it brings bad luck to the wearer, it should be discarded, it is malevolent.

Letters from the People & Answers to Questions.

Frock Suit, Bridgroom Replies for Bride.

To the Editor of The Evening World: "What is the proper garb for a bride's father at a noon wedding. Also, should the bride respond to a toast to her or does the bridegroom do so? X. Y. Z."

The Tower Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World: In reply to "Jersey Boys" tower problem as to how to find the height of a tower on a bright day, from outside. Drive a stake at the end of the tower's shadow and call it A; then measure any distance from A in the direction of the tower and call it B; set up a pole at B. Fasten a string at point A and carry it to the pole, up which move the string till the line,

if produced, would touch the top of the tower; call that point on the pole C. The distance measured along the ground to the pole, the length of pole from the ground to the string, and the line from point C to point A make a right-angled triangle. So does the tower, its shadow, and the imaginary line from top of tower to the end of the shadow. Now you have two similar figures. State, proportionally, as A B is to B C, so is the whole length of the tower's shadow to the height of the tower. Quod erat demonstrandum.

Misnamed "Local" Trains.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Yesterday I got on the Subway at the bridge with the intention of getting off at Bleeker street. After we

passed Worth street the guard said, "Next stop Bleeker," but Astor place was our destiny. To-day I took a local and with many others got dumped at Worth street, next stop being Astor place. The following train came about five minutes later with same order, and a further delay of three minutes before a train came which was our road would stop at all stations. Very kind, indeed, to have one in four trains stop for the unfortunate employed in the vicinity of Bleeker street!

The Fate of the Butter-In.

To the Editor of The Evening World: "Buffalo Girl," who asks if she ought to expose the double life of an acquaintance, might find a fitting answer to her question in the concluding sentence of the fourth paragraph of "Said on the Side" in the same issue of The Evening

World as her question. After telling us of the sad experience of a certain individual, the paragraph sagely remarks: "Lest fate of the butter-in, however good his intentions."

THE ONE WHO KNOWS.

Woman's Deadly Weapon.
To the Editor of The Evening World: The girl who recently tried the flutist on a masher was no more formidable than any girl may be. Personally I cannot see why any woman need fear any man, be he masher or rough, so long as she carries with her the most dangerous and deadly of weapons, namely, the lip. It is as deadly as a silencer and could ruin any assailant. Yet girls who are insulted or rubbed seldom seem to think of putting it so as a means of defense. If a man carries such a weapon, do you suppose he would be afraid of anything or anybody? COUNTY SLUG.

AYESHA: THE FURTHER HISTORY OF She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed. BY H. RIDER HAGGARD

Author of "She," "Allan Quatermain," "King Solomon's Mines," etc.

(Copyright, 1904, in Great Britain and the United States by H. Rider Haggard.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Leo Vinney and Horace Holly, two Englishmen, start for an unknown country beyond the Nile in search of a woman known as Ayesha. In former years they had met this woman in Africa, where she had loved and been loved by Leo. She had claimed to have been 2,000 years old and to have lived in a former incarnation, she had recently perished but Leo in a vision is told that she still lives and is waiting for him in a land across the Tibetan mountains. Passing these mountains they come to the land of Kaloon, or Queen of Kaloon, falls in love with Leo and by the arts of a supposed sorcerer known as Hessa is high priestess of the sacred mountain beyond Kaloon believes this sorcerer to be Ayesha and remains true to her. Holly, however, reveals the true nature of Ayesha, an Egyptian princess who had loved and been loved by Leo in a former incarnation 2,000 years ago and whose rival Ayesha had been.

Holly and Leo escape and make their way to the mountain. The Khalees pursue them thither. The Hessa, before whom they are conducted, is veiled; but confesses herself to be Ayesha. Ayesha challenges Leo to a contest of wit and show her face. Leo ascends the wall, and Ayesha above. The veil is laid aside, revealing the withered face and shrunken figure of a mummy. Ayesha bids Leo choose between herself and Ayesha.

CHAPTER XXXVI. Mystery of Mysteries!

THE color flamed to Leo's brow and his eyes grew almost happy. "After all," he said, thinking aloud rather than speaking, "I have to do not with unknowable pasts or with mystic futures, but with the things of my own life. Ayesha waited for me through two thousand years; Ayesha could marry a man she hated for powers sake, and then could poison him when I wearied her. I know not what nathals I swore to Amenartha, if such a woman lived. I remember the oath I swore to Ayesha. If I shrink from her now, why then my life is a lie and my belief a fraud; then love will not endure the touch of age and never can survive the grave."

"Nay, remembering what Ayesha was, I take her as she is, in faith and hope of what she shall be. At least, love is immortal, and if it must, why let it feed on memory alone till death sets free the soul."

Yes, he kissed the trembling horror of that wrinkled head, and I think it was one of the greatest, bravest acts ever done by man.

"Thou hast chosen," said Ayesha, in a cold voice, "and I tell thee, Leo Vinney, that the manner of thy choice makes me mourn my loss the more. Take now thy bride and let me hence."

But Ayesha still said no word and made no sign, till presently she sank upon her bony knees and began to pray aloud. These were the words of her prayer as I heard them, though the exact power to which it was addressed is not very easy to determine, as I never discovered who or what it was that she worshipped in her heart.

"O thou minister of the almighty will, thou sharp sword in the hand of doom, thou inevitable law that art named nature; thou who wast crowned as Isis of the Egyptians, but art the goddess of all climes and ages; thou that leadest the man to the maid and layest the infant on its mother's breast; that bringest our dust to its kindred dust, that givest life to death and into the dark of death breathest the light of life again; thou who causest the abundant earth to bear, whose smile is spring, whose laugh is the ripple of the sea, whose noontide rest is drowsy summer and whose sleep is winter's night, hear thou the supplication of thy chosen child and minister:

"Of old thou gavest me thine own strength with deathlike days, and beauty above every daughter of thy star. But I sinned against thee sore, and for my sin I paid in endless centuries of solitude, in the wilderness that makes me loathsome to my lover's eyes, and for thy diadem of perfect power sets upon my brow this crown of naked mockery. Yet in thy breach, the swift essence that brought me light, that brought me gloom, thou didst vow to me that I who cannot die should once more pluck the lost flower of my immortal loveliness from this foul slime of shame."

"Therefore, merciful mother that bore me, to thee I make my prayer. Oh, let thy love love me again, or, if it may not be, then give me death, the last and most blessed of thy boons!"



Was it an Illusion, or Was This Ayesha?

addressed apparently to the great, dumb spirit of nature, would be answered. That meant a miracle, but what of it? The prolongation of the life of Ayesha was a miracle, though it is true that some humble reptiles are said to live as long as she had done. The transference of her spirit from the caves of Kor to this temple was a miracle—that is, to our Western minds,

though the dwellers in these parts of Central Asia would not hold it so. That she could reappear with the same hideous body was a miracle. But was it the same body? Was it not the body of the dead Hessa? One very ancient woman is much like another, and eighteen years of the working of the soul or identity within might well wear away their typical differences and give to the borrowed form some resemblance to that which it had left.

At least the figures on that mirror of the flame were a miracle. Nay, why so? A hundred clayvants in a hundred cities can produce or see their like in water and in crystal, the difference being only one of size. They were but reflections of scenes familiar to the mind of Ayesha, or perhaps not so

much as that. Perhaps they were only phantoms called up in our minds by her mesmeric force.

Nay, none of these things were true miracles, since all, however strange, might be capable of explanation. What right, then, had we to expect a marvel now?

Such thoughts as these rose in our minds as the endless minutes were born and died and nothing happened. Yes, at last one thing did happen. The light from the sheet of flame sank gradually away as the flame itself sank downward into the abysses of the pit. But about this in itself there was nothing wonderful, for as we had seen with our own eyes from afar this fire varied much, and indeed it was customary for it to die down at the ap-

proach of dawn, which now drew very near.

Still, that onward-creeping darkness added to the terrors of the scene. By the last rays of the lurid light we saw Ayesha rise and advance some few paces to that little tongue of rock at the edge of the pit off which the body of Rassen had been hurled; saw her standing on it also, looking like some black, misshapen imp against the smoky glow which still rose from the depths beneath.

Leo would have gone forward to her, for he believed that she was about to hurl herself to doom, which indeed I thought was her design. But the priest Oros and the priestess Papava, obeying, I suppose, some secret command that reached them I know not how, sprang to him, and seizing his arms, held him back. Then it became quite dark, and through the darkness we could hear Ayesha chanting a dirge-like hymn in some secret, holy tongue which was unknown to us.

A great flake of fire floated through the gloom, rocking to and fro like some vast bird upon its pinions. We had seen many such that night, torn by the gale from the crest of the blazing curtain as I have described. But—

"Horace," whispered Leo, through his chattering teeth, "that flame is coming up against the wind!"

"Perhaps the wind has changed," I answered, though I knew well that it had not; that it blew stronger than ever from the south.

Nearer and nearer sailed the rocking flame; two enormous wings were the shape of it, with something dark between them. It reached the little promontory. The wings appeared to fold themselves about the dwarfed figure that stood thereon—illumined it for a moment. Then the light went out of them and they vanished—everything vanished.

A while passed, it may have been a minute or an hour, when suddenly the priestess Papava, in obedience to some summons which we could not hear, crept by me. I knew that it was she, because her woman's garments touched me as she went. Another space of silence and of deep darkness, during which I heard a heavy return, breathing in short, sobbing gasps like one who is very frightened.

Ah, I thought, she has cast herself into the pit. The tragedy is finished! Then it was that the wondrous music came. Of course, it may only have been the sound of priests chanting beyond us, but I do not think so, since its quality was quite different to any that I heard in the temple before or afterward; to any indeed that ever I heard upon the earth.

I cannot describe it, but it was awful to listen to, yet most entrancing. From the black, smoke-filled pit where the fire had burned it welled and echoed—now a single heavenly voice, now a sweet chorus, and now an air-shaking thrush of a hundred organs played to time.

That diverse and majestic harmony seemed to include, to express, every human emotion and I have often thought since then that in its all-embracing scope and range, the song or psalm of her rebirth, was symbolical of the infinite range of human suffering, since like that spirit it had its master notes—power, passion, suffering, mystery and loneliness. Also there could be no doubt as to the general significance of the chant by whomsoever it was sung. It was the wonderful story of a mighty soul; it was worship, worship, worship of a queen divine!

Like slow clouds of incense fading to the tattered roof of some high choir, the bursts of unearthly melodies grew faint in the far distance of the hollow pit they waited themselves away. Look! from the east a single ray of upward-springing light—

"Up! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look! a sunlight played upon her, but on to the little promontory at its edge.

Oh! and there—a Glory covered with a single garment—stood a shape celestial! It seemed to be asleep, since the eyes were shut. Or was it dead, for at that face was a face of death? Look